

# The Dragon and His Boy

by The Glass Sea

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Summary: AU. The dragons are weapons to the Vikings of Berk. It's Hiccup's job to turn the wild beasts into creatures the Vikings can use. When Hiccup helps Toothless, the dragon bonds to him. Lots of fluff between Hiccup and Toothless. \*On a break until I can think up a plot! Suggestions are welcome!\*

## 1. Bath Day

**\*\*Told you I would be restarting! \*\***

**\*\*I began rewriting this, and I was pretty impressed with how far I've come in just a few months. Sorry to all of you who have been waiting for an update, school caught up with me, but heck, it's been summer for two months- I have no excuse. But here we are. With much fluff.\*\***

**\*\*\*\*\_Special thanks to my beautiful little sister, who reads all my fanfictions like they're the newest Percy Jackson book.\_\*\*\*\***

**\* \* \***

**<p><strong>Chapter 1: Bath Day<strong>**

**\* \* \***

**<p>As usual, the smell of fish just starting to go bad made Hiccup want to vomit. However, vomiting all over them probably wasn't going to help the smell, so he took deep breaths through his mouth.<p>**

**"Well, that's that." He said aloud as he placed the last barrel of fish into the cage full of Terrible Terrors. The little dragons practically dove into the barrel, as if this was their last meal. Hiccup sighed. For all he knew, it might be. Auctioning day was tomorrow, and he wouldn't be allowed to feed them because it would**

mess with the effects of the drug.

He stepped out of the cage with a sigh, and Sharpshot licked his cheek. The Terror was curled around the boy's shoulders as he always was, snoozing until his human needed his help.

Hiccup gave him a fond scratch under the chin while he rummaged around the dark and dank dungeon for the keys. He had just found them and pocketed them when familiar footsteps approached him. Hiccup's shoulders fell. He wouldn't be going to bed anytime soon.

A large figure stomped into the dimly lit room. "Hiccup! We need the largest spare cage we've got! And the tools! Now!" The man grabbed at an ax hanging on the wall and escaped back into the cool night air.

The boy grabbed the candle on the shelf, and headed down a flight of stairs. Empty cages, their bars smeared with blood and fish guts, were scattered all over the floor. So were various tools, some broken, burned, or bent awkwardly. It took only a few moments to find the largest one- he still remembered the good-natured Monstrous Nightmare that had been its previous inhabitant. By the time he had located it, his uncle, Spitelout, and Gobber were already at the bottom of the stairs, ready to haul the cage up.

Hiccup pointed at it, and the two men grabbed it, carrying it up with little effort. Hiccup dug around in the mess a little longer, searching for the tools. Kneeling, he reached under a wooden plank and ignored all the thin, sticky webs that attached themselves to his hands. His fingers brushed metal, and he pulled the large strong box out. It was heavy, and he couldn't see around it as he slowly ascended back up the staircase. Apparently Stoick was getting impatient, because Ack came down and took it from his hands. "Thanks." Hiccup said to the empty air.

Tools, largest cage, Stoick's impatience... Hiccup could read the signs well enough.

They had just caught a new dragon.

\* \* \*

><p>"Hiccup!" The boy's eyes snapped open at his shout. Heavy footfalls could be heard climbing the wooden stairs of their house. "Hiccup!" Stoick yelled, a little louder.<p>

The whole floor shook as Stoick reached the upstairs floor. Hiccup rolled out of bed, his mind still foggy with sleep. He pulled on his shirt as the chief entered his room. "Son! Get up!"

The roar of his father was like cold water on his face. "I'm up, Dad."

Stoick didn't miss the hint of annoyance and anger in Hiccup's voice. "You should have been up hours ago! Those dragons aren't going to wash themselves!"

"Maybe I wouldn't have to wash them, if you stopped bathing them in their own blood every day!"

Stoick's eyes narrowed. His son rarely raised his voice, and almost never in anger. And never at him, his father. Hiccup brushed past him, pulling on his vest as he headed downstairs. It wasn't until his bare toes brushed against moist grass and the warm brown earth did he remember his shoes.

For a moment, he almost turned around to go get them. Until he remembered his father was in there, angry and probably ready to chew him out at seven in the morning. No thanks. Plus, it was bath day, so he wasn't going to need shoes anyway. The thought of bath day lifted his spirits some, and he walked towards the Dragon Pit with a spring in his step.

\* \* \*

><p>"Morning, guys." Hiccup thrust his fingers through the bars, little Gronkles licking his fingers and purring for love.<p>

"It's washing day," He informed them as he opened the cage door and grabbed two baby Gronkles. He herded them towards the back exit of the dungeon. Sunlight nearly blinded all three of them, and the Gronkles happily zipped around the large caged in area. Hiccup went in and out of the dark halls, herding all the Gronkles out into the sunlight. He started with the older ones.

His mother had taught him that this was a very efficient way of running bath day. While Hiccup washed the full sized dragons, the little ones would fly around and play, getting much of their energy out. This saved a lot of trouble- trying to wash a fully charged baby Gronkle would be just as impossible as Astrid noticing him.

Hiccup's eyes widened. Where had that come from? He blushed. "Focus." He told himself out loud. He grabbed a bar of handmade soap and a large swath of fur, and headed outside again, closing the door behind him.

Now the hard part, hauling up 23 and a half buckets of water out of the well to fill up the washing basin.

Hiccup tossed the bucket down, and then pulled as hard as he could on the line. He would have liked to say he had hauled up 23 and a half buckets of water up all by himself, but he had one of the motherly female Gronkles pulling with him. The first of the large Boulder Class dragons plopped himself into the large basin, sending water sloshing over the edge.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Yeah, thanks for that." Then he set to work on scrubbing away two month's worth of dirt, grime, and who knows what else.

It didn't take long, and soon the older Gronkles were sunning themselves while Hiccup grabbed one of the babies and covered it with bubbles. It squeaked and squirmed, trying to break free and go join its friends. Hiccup smiled, giving it a good scratch once he was done scrubbing, rising, and drying. It gave him a lick on his cheek before buzzing away to play once more.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Yay! Somehow the thought of Hiccup being barefoot is just

so cute to me. <strong>

**\*\*And even more cute is the thought of Hiccup washing a bunch of baby Gronkles. Can't you just picture that, them sitting in the tub, covered in bubbles, and Hiccup covered in bubbles from washing them? \*\***

><strong>Sorry. But it's still cute, I don't care what you say.<strong>

## 2. New Dragon

**\*\*Honestly, I have nothing to say, haha.\*\***

**\*\*\*\*\_Special thanks to my beautiful little sister, who reads all my fanfictions like they're the newest Percy Jackson book.\_\*\*\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Chapter 2: New Dragon<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>Stoick watched his only son bathed dozens of dragons. The boy's face was glowing with happiness, a look that mirrored his mother's. The chief sighed, wishing his son looked like him.<p>

Every time he saw Hiccup, he saw his wife. Every day the boy was a painful reminder of what he had lost. He had promised he would change, but the day the dragons had claimed her had only made his bitterness turn into hatred and rage.

And yet, here his son was, taking care of those creatures with joy. His mother had done the same, fawning over the overgrown lizards like they had feelings. Like they had emotions. Like they were not objects whose sole purpose was to destroy.

But Stoick knew the truth. The dragons had proved it to him the day they had destroyed his family.

The day they had killed Valka.

\* \* \*

><p>It was mid-afternoon. All the dragons had been washed and accounted for, even Sharpshot, who was still out in the sun. It was not until Hiccup went into the basement of the dungeon to get the drugs did the sinking weight of guilt descend on him.<p>

The new one.

The dragon from last night.

It was alone down there, hungry, thirsty, and probably in severe need of medical attention.

Hiccup swallowed. "Oh, Odin." He grabbed his candle and a few slimy fish.

He forced himself to walk though the dark halls. Stoick always

preferred to put the new ones down here. Isolated, alone, in darkness and silence. Startling it would only make the situation worse.

The boy heard the dragon before he saw it. A snort, then a high pitched keening wail. Hiccup frowned; he had never heard any dragon make a noise like that. The whole cage rattled, and then the dragon emitted a hiss of pain as a sharp piece of metal slid under a scale.

The Viking lit a few torches on the wall, and moved slowly towards the cage. "Hey, bud." His voice echoed softly in the chamber. The dragon shifted away, backing into the far corner of the cage. The keening started up again, and Hiccup continued talking, telling the dragon about the fish he had for him, and that everything was going to be okay, he just needed to calm down. Finally the wails shrunk into whines, and Hiccup reached his hands through the bars to slide the fish in.

As the dragon approached, hunger winning over fear; Hiccup got a good look at him. The dragon was as black as night. It was large, about four times his size, and acidic green eyes glowed in the dim light, narrowed and focused on him. Jagged cuts from where axes and swords had bit through scales showed pink and bloody, and there were quite a few holes in his wings. Hiccup sighed. How did his father expect him to care for all these dragons when he injured them so badly?

The dragon sniffed at the fish, then nosed them. Hiccup frowned. "What's wrong bud?" It looked at him, and Hiccup saw the muzzle.

His fingers shook with anger as he reached through the bars to take it off. The dragon pulled his head back, the wails of fear returning. Hiccup felt his heart breaking. "What did Dad do to you?"

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup held Sharpshot tightly in his arms while his father auctioned off the dragons. The shouts of Vikings from tribes all over the ocean bartering over prices for the sweet baby Gronkles made him sick.<p>

He didn't remember much of the auction, he kept most of his attention on Sharpshot, the only dragon his father had promised not to sell. The Terror was missing a whole wing, the scarring gruesome. Hiccup also suspected the little dragon was blind in one eye, but he had no way of proving it. No one had bought him the first auction he had gone to, and thus Hiccup talked Stoick into letting him care for the little Terror.

Hiccup was petting the sleeping Terror when Stoick approached him. "Good news, son." He smiled down at the boy. "We sold them all."

His son plastered a smile to his face. "That's great, Dad."

"How's the Night Fury doing?"

\_Ah. So that's what the dragon is\_. Hiccup sighed. "He's fine." He forced himself to say.

That Night Fury was anything but fine. Hiccup had spent almost three hours with the dragon before the auction, and it still wasn't eating,

drinking, or letting Hiccup close to treat it's wounds. There were a few serious ones, and if the dragon didn't let Hiccup help it soon, they would get infected.

"Think you can fix him up before the next auction?"

Hiccup froze, wondering how to break it to his father that it would take months to tame that terrified, tortured, black mass of a dragon.

Stoick laughed, pounding Hiccup on the back. "No worries, son! I know you'll have that dragon in shape by next week."

The large man wandered off to join Gobber and Spitelout, probably to celebrate their sale. Hiccup stared at his retreating figure.  
"Yeah... next week."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Stoick thinks that the dragons are Dalaks or something.<br>Been watching way too much Doctor Who, sorry!\*\*

\*\*Please let me know if you find any errors so I can correct them!

>Thanks for reading! <strong>

### 3. Toothless

\*\*It's been way too long, and I'm sorry. Truly.\*\*

\*\*\*\*\_Special thanks to my beautiful little sister, who reads all my fanfictions like they're the newest Percy Jackson book.\_\*\* \*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Chapter 3: Toothless<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>"It's just you and me now, bud." Hiccup opened up the door to the cage. The dragon shrunk back, still wailing, but this time, there was an egde of a warning in it's growls. Hiccup stepped away from the cage, and headed back up the stairs. One thing his mother had taught him was not to push them, they would come in their own time. He made sure all door were locked except the one to arena.<p>

He considered letting the Night Fury roam around in the small pen where he washed the dragons, but Hiccup thought it would be too small. The arena would give the dragon comfrotable distance between the two of them.

The boy pulled a large barrel of fish into the middle of the arena, than sat down and leaned agaisnt it. He pulled out his sketch book and charcol to pass the time. It wasn't long before the Night Fury stepped out into the sunlight.

Hiccup followed the dragon's movement with his eyes, keeping his head still and lowered. The Night Fury crawled around the arena, sniffing,

and clawing at the walls. Hiccup took in all the injuries with practiced eyes. There were many, some serious, but none he hadn't seen before.

Then the dragon focused on him. "Hey bud." Hiccup calls softly. "I've got some fish over here, and if you come, I'll take off that muzzle so you can eat." He knew logically that the dragon couldn't understand him. And yet those green eyes that were fixed on him, calculating it's options, seemed full of intelligence.

After almost two days without food, the Night Fury was too hungry to resist. He glided slowly over to Hiccup, cautious for any kind of trap the human had set. "That's right." Hiccup encouraged, taking a fish and holding it out in front of him. Toothless sniffed at the fish, and Hiccup carefully moved his hands under the dragons jaw. He undid the buckles slowly, and slid the muzzle off the Night Fury.

The dragon opened a toothless mouth, and the Viking blinked, confused. "Toothless? Why would dad put a muzzle on a dragon with no-" Pearly white razors jutted through pink gums, snatching the fish and downing it in an instant. "-teeth."

Hiccup smiled. As long as the dragon was eating, he would recover quickly. Hiccup moved the basket in front of the Night Fury, and the dragon dug in, happily.

The Viking opened up his bag and took out some bandages, and disinfectants. He hoped nothing was infected yet, that would make his job much harder.

As soon as Hiccup reached out to the dragon, the Night Fury shied away. Hiccup sighed. "Come on, bud. We need to get you all patched up, and then I'll take a look at your tail." The Night Fury paid him no mind, not deeming him a threat, and walked away.

The boy finally got close to the Night Fury once more, but the dragon's eyes narrowed, and he growled softly. Hiccup stretched out a hand. "It's okay. I just need to clean all that gunk up. Trust me." The dragon allowed Hiccup's palm to rest on his nose, before shaking his head and darting off.

Hiccup shrugged. It was a start.

\* \* \*

><p>"So how's Hiccup doing with the beast?"<p>

The Meade Hall was filled with merrymaking, even long after the sun had set. Berk had made a good trade in the dragons they had caught this year.

The Chief of the Hooligans was sitting at a table with Gobber and Spitelout, and a few other of his best men.

At the mention of his son, Stoick sighed. "He hasn't been home since the auction. He'd rather be with that wild creature than his own father." He turned to look at Gobber sadly. "I just don't know what to do with him."

Gobber smiled grimly and nodded.

"He argues with me over everything. He treats me like I'm the source of all his problems. Is it too much to ask for a little respect?"

Gobber shrugged. "He's a boy, Stoick. And every bit like his mother."

"I say a good beating will fix 'em right up." Spitelout chimed in. "Worked like a charm on my boys."

Stoick wondered at that. He had never laid a finger on his son- he was scared he would break. However, his brother's advice made him think.

"I'm sure Hiccup just needs some time. Ya know how he is around auction day."

Gobber's words were truth, and Stoick nodded. "You're proabably right, Gobber."

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup gave Toothless a ginger pat on the nose. "See? That's better, isn't it?"<p>

It was truly amazing what a little one-on-one with Toothless had one. It had taken all day yesterday and the whole night, and almost all day today.

Hiccup had dubbed the Night Fury Toothless, for his unique ability to retract his teeth, something that Hiccup could only compare to the way a cat sheathed their claws.

Toothless sniffed at his tail, now wrapped in a thick gauze. It had taken Hiccup hours to clean it, and get rid of what remained of the left fin. It was damaged beyond repair, and Hiccup feared would get infected if he left it there. Toothless looked back at the human, who gave him another fish. "I wish I could free you, Toothless. You deserve to be free. No wonder you evaded capture for so long."

Hiccup pulled a few bandages out of his bag, and a jar of what looked like wax. Still only using slow movements, the boy inspected a large, jagged cut under the scales where a spear or ax had penetrated. He dipped two fingers in the balm, and speaking softly to the dragon, slid them along the cut. He froze when Toothless snarled.

However, the black dragon didn't move, so Hiccup continued to apply the disinfectant. When the boy was satisfied with his work, he patched it up with a handwoven bandage. It was the only kind that dragons had ever allowed to stay on their injuries for longer then, well, a minute. Dragonnip was woven into it, and they would sniff at it happily ever so often. That was what he and Mom had found out when they-

\_No\_.

No thoughts of\_ her.\_



Toothless inhaled the strong scent of dragonnip, pupils dilating. Hiccup grinned, pushing all previous thoughts aside. "Smells good, huh?" He dug around in his bag. Hiccup presented a loose blade of dragonnip for him. Toothless joyfully snuffled at it while Hiccup stitched up large tears in his wings. It had to have hurt, but the dragonnip was completely preoccupying Toothless.

Yawning, Hiccup finished his task and packed up his bag. "I'll check up on you tomorrow, okay bud?" Hiccup turned to meet the gaze of the Night Fury, who appeared to be saddened by this statement. "As much as I hate to put you back in a cage, I need sleep."

Hiccup could have sworn that the dragon had understood his statement, when Toothless nudged his hand gently, and walked with him back towards the dungeons. Toothless' eyes narrowed as they entered the darkness, but Hiccup didn't take him down the stairs. Instead, he got a cage right next to the door. A bowl full of water and fresh fish was in it. It wasn't the most comfortable, but it was the best Hiccup could do.

"I'll leave the door open." Hiccup said, locking the cage door behind Toothless.

He was true to his word and didn't shut the door, allowing the Night Fury a view of the stars as they began to pop out in the darkening sky.

Hiccup stumbled home, exhausted, and collapsed into bed without even a word to his father.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>If anyone has any ideas for this story, please share! I don't remember the original plot, so I'm open for anything!<strong>

\*\*Thanks to my reviewers, favoriters, and followers, and readers. I love you all. \*\*

End  
file.